

P O E M

On the Birth-day of His most Sacred Majesty
King GEORGE, being the 28th of May. 1722

Hæc celebranda dies cunctis dum manserit Ætas !

H A I L happy Day ! on which pleas'd Heaven doth smile,
Auspicious Day, which sav'd our sinking Isle.
Fair *Phæbus* shine with an unusual Robe,
Double your Light, and gladden all the Globe,
Ye Coiristers of Air break thro' your Rest,
Tune your shrill Throats and flutter from the Nest :
Mount towards Heaven and chirp your chearful Lays,
To Mighty GEORGE our King and Guardian's Praise.
Draw nigh ye airy Nymphs, ye Light-foot Swains,
Who dance Levaltoes on the flowry Plains ;
Forfake your Flocks, in Throngs come sport and play,
This is great GEORGE our King's Festival Day :
Shannon and *Liffy* will in Confort joyn,
To glide His Praises with the pleasant *Boyne*,
And when their rapid Streams meet with the Sea
Cause *Neptune* keep the high Solemnity,
Whilst scaly Flocks on Oozy Beds do play ;
Syrens and Mermaids keep the Holy-day.
The Lion and the Lamb shall make their Bed,
Under the Covert of His awfull Shade.
To shun the stormy Blasts or scalding Heat,
The Shepherds find His Boughs a blest Retreat,
And rest secure under His warming Wings,
He's justly stil'd on Earth the best of Kings.
Approach blyth *Bacchus* with thy jolly Face,
Let all our loyal Heroes take their Place ;
We'll consecrate thy Blood to this high Feast,
Come *Bacchus*, and be great Lord *Cart'ret's* Guest.
Musick and Wine shall heighten our Delight,
We'll gambol all the Day, and revel all the Night,
Envying Angels shall the Gladness see,
And leave their bless'd Abodes to keep the Jubilee ;
We'll mingle Voices with the sacred Throng,
And GEORGE shall be the Burden of the Song ;
We'll borrow Anthems from the Heav'nly Train,
Which shall be learn'd and sung by every Swain ;
Seraphick Notes, expressive of our Love
Angels and Men shall sing, and Heav'n approve.
Let all salute, with Joy, the blissful Morn,
On which great GEORGE, *Britannia's* King, was born.